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John Tutchin's

GHOST

TO

Richard St--le, Esq;

Discovering Something omitted by Mr. TOBY.

Ficta Voluptatis causa sint proxima veris. Hor.

LONDON,

Printed for *J. Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall.* 1714.

John Tutchin's

GHOST

TO

Richard Steele, Esq;

BRITISH MUSEUM

Discovering Something omitted by Mr. TOBY

LONDON,

Printed for J. Morphew near Stationers-Hall, 1714.

John Tutchin's GHOST TO Richard St-le, Esq;

IT is with no small Concern I shall publish the following Account of the *untimely End* of a Great Man, who, for some Years past (for his *Gentleman-like* Stile, his *Bright* and *Polite* Way of Writing, as well as his *Christian Temper* in all Controversies) had, with the *Greatest Justice*, gain'd himself the *Applause* of the best Part of Mankind, as well as the *Admiration* of the *Fair* Sex, who were grown such constant Readers of his *Paper*, that you shou'd scarce find a Lady dressing, or drinking Tea in a Morning

with

with her Friends, but Mr. *St--le*'s *Paper* made up the beſt Part of the Entertainment.

How then ſhou'd we all be affected with the *Inſtability* of all Sublunary Things; or indeed ought we not to be prepar'd, and, with the greateſt Preſence of Mind, be ready to encounter the various and dreadful Changes, which a Day, a Week, or a Year, may bring upon our Temper, Inclination, Reaſon, or the whole Fabrick it ſelf; when we ſhall duly weigh and conſider, that neither *Brightneſs of Parts*, nor the moſt *Solid Wiſdom*, which this *Gentleman* was ſo much *Maſter* of, cou'd avert his Deplorable *Cataſtrophe*.

He had indeed for ſome Time (almoſt ever ſince his being choſen a M--ber of P--ment) been obſerv'd by his neareſt Friends, to talk wildly, and wonderfully affect what we call, *Building Caſtles in the Air*: He was continually harping upon, and profeſs'd himſelf a real Admirer of, *Æſop*'s Project, of *Boys in Baskets, born up by Eagles*, aſſuring his intimate Acquaintance, he would lay it before the H---ſe of C----ons, in order to have a *ſtrong Fort* built in the *Clouds*, to ſecure our *Commerce*, and command the *Dunkirk Privateers*: Thus he went on for ſome Time, but was conſtantly watch'd by his Friends, to whom, in his more *Lucid* Intervals, he would complain of a ſtrange *Coldneſs* and *Dulneſs* in his Brain; often pointing

to the upper Part of his Head; but being, on the 5th of *October* laſt, left accidentally alone in his Chamber, he faſtned the Door on the Inſide, and retir'd into his Cloſet, where he had not been long before Something gave three Hollow Knocks at the Door, which ſtood almoſt open: This rous'd our more than *Chriſtian Hero*;

Whoſe Head right penſively inclined was,
On that Right Hand, which both with *Sword* and *Pen*
Had purchas'd ſuch *Immortal* Fame;
Laurels ſo many, and Renown ſo bright,
That rais'd, and *Stuck his Name* among the *Stars*;
When, quite aghaſt! he Something heard ruſh in,
And by his Side a *diſmal Ghoſt* he ſaw;
In its Right-Hand a truſty *Oaken Plant*
He graſp'd, and under t'other Arm cloſe hugg'd
A Leathern Bottle, corked well, and fill'd
With Liquor wondrous ſtrong and ſtrange, he bore;
And thus with hollow Voice the *Phantom* Spoke.

'Here Mighty *Champion* of *that Cauſe* renown'd!
'Which whilom I defended, while alive;
'Here, drink thy Fill; and to his Mouth he plac'd
'The Bottle; 'tis *Lethe* daſh'd with *Acheron*:
'I here diſmiſs thy wretched, fluttering Soul,
'And all its poor depending Faculties,
'And in their Room inſpire Thee with mine Own.
'Be Bold, be Saucy, Arrogant, and Dull,
'Let *Kiſs mine A--ſe*, and *Rogue*, and *Raſcal*,
'Fill all thy *Glorious* Pithy Lines;
'Silence and Vanquiſh thy obdurate Foes,
'Rebellious Thoughts, preluding to the rouſing up
'The *Good Old Cauſe*, I need not to inſpire;
'Thou haſt them of Thy own, and rooted deep,
'Too deep to be waſh'd out by *Lethe*'s Draught;
'Nor need I give Thee *Pride*, nor Black *Ingratitude*,
'Thoſe Noble Virtues Thou haſt practis'd long
'Againſt Thy *Q---n* and all Thy *Benefactors*;

The

'The Fame of which has long since reach'd the
Nether Sky,
'And given Thy Friends below *Immortal* Joy.
'Arise, Arise, *Renowned S---tor*,
'No more a *Guardian*, *Tatler*, or *Spectator*;
'But be like me, Thy Predecessor, Base,
'Insipid, Haughty, Infamous, traducing
'The best of *Governments* and *Ministry*
'As near Perfection, as you Mortals can be;
'And henceforth let it be in *Scorn* and *Irony*,
'When Mortals the old Proverb use, and say,
'As bright, or true as *Steele*.
Here paus'd the Sprite; but seeing that the *Hero* lay
A senseless Lump of Flesh, inanimate,
His Oaken Towel to His brauny Back
He thrice apply'd,
And with a Voice, much louder than before;
'Rise up, rise up, rise up, *O Englishman*,
He cry'd.

'Twas

'Twas this that gave new Life; why name I Life!
New Soul, new Senſe, and perfectly *new Man*:
At this the *Hero* op'd his wondring Eyes,
And, as the *Spirit* vaniſh'd from the Place,
The well-known mighty Back he plainly ſaw
Of the much fam'd, redoubted *TUTCHIN*
He roſe, and following, cry'd, *My Father!*
Oh! let me preſs you in my eager Arms;
But Nothing cou'd he graſp but fleeting Air:
A wondrous Change within himſelf he found;
He ſet him down, and, at one glorious Heat,
Wich Inſpiration ſwoln, and ſtaring wild,
Struck out the Firſt, the Conquering *Engliſhman*.

I was willing to oblige the Publick with this *Miltonick Epiſode* intire, as I had it from a truſty Hand, even Mrs. *Jenny Bickerſtaff* her ſelf: Since it contains the Authentick Account of a *Tranſmutation*, or *Metamorphoſis*, the moſt amaſing perhaps, that any Age can produce, as well as to obviate and expoſe a fictitious Account, that is publiſh'd, as if the *Gentleman* we have been ſpeaking

of

had been dubb'd an *Engliſhman*, by one *Neſtor Ironſide*; who, 'tis pretended, only gave him a Knock on the Pate, and ſtuff'd ſome *trifling Papers* under his *Wigg*. How ſtrangely muſt we be impos'd on by Miſrepreſentations, of what happens at a Diſtance from us, when an Affair ſo aſtoniſhing and conſiderable as this, that happen'd even in our *Metropolis* it ſelf, is not only miſrepreſented, but even credited by Men of *Senſe* and *Figure* among us!

FINIS.

Advertiſements.

THE Author having been in the *North* of *England*, is concern'd he cou'd not oblige the Publick with this Account ſooner.

There is now in the Preſs, and will be ſoon publiſhed,

Compleat Sets of thoſe *Tatlers*, *Spectators* and *Guardians*, that came Abroad in Mr. *St--l*'s Name, of which he was

only the *Publiſher*; whereby the World may ſee how indifferent a Figure the *Crow* makes, when the *gay Birds* have the fine Feathers return'd, which they ſtuck in his Cap.

In a few Days will be publiſh'd,

Letters Amorous and Gallant, in the moſt Polite Stile, from the wiſeſt S——tor of *B——n* to the *Fidler's* Wife of *S——kbridge*; with her Anſwers.

The *Hue and Cry* after *Neſtor Ironſide's Brains*, which was deſign'd for the Preſs, the Author has been prevail'd with not to publiſh, finding, upon ſtricter Inquiry, that only ſome of the *good Women* of *Stockbridge* were concern'd in the *Robbery*, which they perform'd after an odd Method: They firſt intoxicated, or made him giddy, by ſetting him, for ſome Time, upon their *May-Pole*; then they took him down, and by placing a *Concave Engine*, or *Machine*, to his *Nether Parts*, they gently and imperceptibly drew away his *Brains*, by the *Spinal Duct*, which, I am inform'd, has an *Intercourſe*, or *Communication* betwixt thoſe *Parts* and the *Brain*. There are other Reports, That the *Magnetick*, or *Attractive Quality* of the *Machines* was ſuch, that his *Pocket* ſuffer'd as well as his *Head*; and that he was ſent to Town quite empty: That the *Gentleman* was robb'd is certain; the Manner we know not.

There is preparing for the Preſs,

The *Iriſhman*, containing the pleaſant Hiſtory of the Family of *Ironſides*, from the Time of *Sidrophel* the *Ballad-ſinger*, in the Reign of *Henry* the *Fourth*, to *Neſtor Ironſide* the *Gypſie*, in the Time of *Charles* the *Second*. This Work being deſign'd to be publiſh'd in *Fragments*, three Times a Week: The Firſt, which will come out the Day Mr. *S——le* ſits in the H——uſe, after the *S--kbridge* Petition is heard;

will

will relate, *Mother Hubberd's Tale* of the *Merry Adventures* between *Sidrophel* and the *Miller's Wife*; and how *Sidrophel* being forc'd to fly his *Country*, took upon him the *Name* of, *Ironſide*. There will be an intire *Fragment*, concerning the *Nature*, *Original*, and *Office* of an *Ir--ſh Evidence*, or *Knight of the Poſt*; wherein an Account will be given, how *Sidrophel's* Son *Caleb* had the *Name* of Sir *Caleb Ironſide*. In its Place will be remembred the lucky Eſcape Sir *Caleb* made out of a *Garret Window*: As alſo, *Memoirs* of *Neſtor Ironſide* the *Gypſie*, Great Grandſon to *Caleb*; who was firſt a *Soldier*, and afterwards a *Prize-Fighter*: How he got into a Gang of *Gypſies*, and his Comical Intrigues when he went about the Country telling of *Fortunes*: How he and his Gang abuſed a *Great Lady*, that gave them Victuals; what Tricks he plaid with a *Juſtice of Peace*, who ſav'd him from the *Whipping-Poſt*; and what fell out when he was catch'd in a *Barn* at *St——kbridge*. In the Courſe of the Story will be related, how *Neſtor* got in with a rich *Baker's Daughter*, turn'd *Gentleman*, and call'd himſelf *'Squire*: How he run mad, after he had ſpent all, and how, at laſt, his *Wife* put him into *Bedlam*.

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